

Here begynnys the mayng or disport of  
chancer.



liber primus et secundus  
pro nobis et nostris

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**I**n may quhen flora the fresche lussy quene  
the luyt bath cladde in redde gubyte grene aright  
And phobus gan to shedde his shremes shene  
Anyode the bule With all his demes bryght  
And Lucifere to chace avey the nyght  
Ayene the morow or oulent bath take  
To bidde louers out of thare slepe awake,

And bertes hevy for to reconfort  
from dreybede and hevy nyghtes sorow,  
Nature hadde hym rise and disport  
Ayene the gudely gladd gray morow  
And hope With seynt Iohn to borow  
Hadde in despite of danger and dispare  
for to tak the holesum lussy aire

And Wyth a liche I gan to abyde  
Out of my slombre and todaynly vp slett  
As he allace that neigh for sorow deid  
My selnes latt ay so neigh my bert  
Dot for to fynd succoure of my luer  
Or at the leste sum relesche of my peyne  
That me so sore held in eWyry weyne

I rose anone and thought I wold gone  
In to the wodde to here the birdes syng  
Quhen that the mysty vapoure Was al gone  
And clere and freie Was the dawning  
The dew als like siluer in shynnyng  
Upon the leues as any balme sweete  
Till syre Tytan With his plant here,

Hadde dryet up the lussy licoure new

Wpon the herbes in the grene meid  
 And that the floures off many diuerse herbes  
 Wpon thare stalkes gonnet for to spred  
 And for to spay out thair leues in bried  
 Ayenes the son gold burned in his spere  
 That doun to thame call his demes clere,

And by a ryuere com I furth cossey  
 Of Watt cler as berial or cristalle  
 Til at the last I fonde a lytel Wey  
 Couart a park enclosyt Wyth a Walle  
 In compas round and by a gate small  
 Dubo so that Wold frely myght gone  
 In till this park Wallie Wyth grene scone

And In I Went to here the briddes long  
 Dubithe in branchis and in plane vale  
 So loud sond that alle longe rong  
 Lyke as it schuld the wyte in pecis smale  
 And as me thought that the nyghtgale  
 Wyth so grete myght hyr vice gan out breste  
 Ryght as hir hert for loue Wold to breste

The myle Was pleyti smolt and woundt soft  
 Al ouer spraddo Wyth tapitis that nature  
 Hadde mayd hyr selue siluered the aloft  
 Wyth belwis grene the floures for to cure  
 That in thare beaute they mowd long endure  
 From all assaut off phebus feruent sere  
 Dubithe in his spere so houte schene i clere

The eyre attemper and the smoth Wynd  
 Off phebus among the bloßmes quhyte



So hoolsum Was and noȝ yfing be kynd  
 Thate smale briddes and round blomes lyte  
 In maner gan off thare bierth delyte  
 To gyfe us hop that thay fruyte shall take  
 Eyene autowpne reddy for to shake.

I saw the daphyn closed wnd rynde  
 Grene laurere and the hollyum pyne  
 The myre also that wepeth ewir of kynde.  
 The hey cydpye vp ryght as a lyne  
 The silbart eke that saw doith inclyne  
 Hyr belwis grene vnto the erth adoun  
 Wnto hyr knyght callit demephoun

There saw I eke the fresche halw thow  
 In quibite malle that so suete doth smell  
 Allhe fyre and ake wth many a yhong accor  
 And many a fre mo than I han tell  
 And me befor I saw a lital well  
 That hadde his couris as I can bihold  
 Wndoy: a hill wyth quyk stremes cold

The grabale like gold the watter pure as glass  
 The bounkes round the well enderomnyng  
 And soft as velvet the yhong grasse.  
 That there vpon lustely gan spring  
 The nomb: of treis about compassing  
 There shadew cast closing the well round  
 And al the herbes growng on the ground

The wact was so hoolsum and virtouse  
 Throu my of herbes growng be syde  
 Nought like the well quhere as Narcissus

Slayen Was throu vengeance of cupide  
 Quhere so comunctly he did abide  
 The greyn of deeth vpon the drynk  
 For deeth mot folow quho that ener it drynk

No like the pute of pegate  
 Wnder perna so quhare that poetes slepte  
 No like the Well of pure chastite  
 Quhicke as dyan With hyr nympbes kept  
 Quhen sche nakit in the Water lept  
 That slew ancean With hyr hundis fell  
 Only for he come so ney the Well

Not this Well that I here reberce  
 So hoolsum Was that it Wold aliage  
 Belyng hertes and the venym prele  
 Of penyffe hede With all the cruell rage  
 And euermore refrelche the wilage  
 Of hem that wor in any heuynete  
 Of grete labour o: follen in distrel

And I that hadde throu danger and dedeyn  
 So dry a thyrst thought I Wold alay  
 To taik o draught of this Well o: tueryn  
 My bitter languir if It myght alay  
 And on the bank anone down I lay  
 And With my hede vnto the Well I raught  
 And of the wwater dronk a good draught

This herbere vbes ful of flours of ynde  
 In to the quhicke as I byholde can  
 Atur one holer and o vood bynd  
 As I vvas vbar J labb quhere lay o man

In blak and quibite cauloure pale and wan  
 And wonder dedely Was he also of helle  
 Of hurtes grene and fresche Woundes new

And euermore distreyned With siknese  
 Beside al this he Was ful greivously  
 For vppon hym he hadde a grete accesse  
 That day by day hym I hote ful pitously  
 So that sore constreyned of his malady  
 And hertly Wo thus lyand allone  
 It Was a deeth for to here him grone

Quereof astonaid my fote I gan With draw  
 Gretefully Wounding quhat it myght be  
 That he so lay and had no felaw  
 Ne that I kouth no wight With him le  
 Quereof I had reuch and ethe pite  
 And can anone so softly as I koud  
 Among the bushes me pavelly to schroud

If that I myght In any vylle aspy  
 Quhat vvas the cause of his dedely vbo  
 Or quhy that he so pitously gan cry  
 On his fortune and his we also  
 With al my myght I leyd myne ere to  
 Eury vbourd to merk quhat he seid  
 Out of his suouche among as he abeid

Bot first if I schuld mak mention  
 Of his persoun and plenehy him discryue  
 He vvas in looth vwith out exception  
 To speke of manhode one the best on lyue  
 Thore may no man ayene treuth scryue

for off his tyme and off his age also  
He prebed Was there men schuld haue ado

for one the best both off brede and leuch,  
So wele ymaid be good proportion  
If he had bene in his deliur streuch  
Not thought and letnes Were occasion  
That he thus lay in lamentation  
Grouthe on the ground in place desolate  
Sole by hym selue he wept and was mate

And for me semeth that It is sitting  
His Wordis all to put in remembraunce  
To me that herd all his compleynnyng  
And all the ground off his Wofull chaunce  
If there Wyth all I may do yow plesance  
I Woll his Wordis ryght as I can anoti  
Lich as he said reherce thaim euerychone

Not quho schall help me now to compleyn  
O: quho schall now my stile gy or lede  
Deyne tuo latt now yhour terts reyne  
In to my pen and help now in this nede  
Thow Woful my:re thou selest my bert bled  
Of pitouls Wo and my bond eke quake  
Quhen that I Write eke for this maïs saith

for vnto Wo accordeth compleynnyng  
And dule ful chere vnto hevynese  
To sorow also syking and wepyng  
And pytouse murnyng vnto derynese  
And quho that schall Write of distresse  
In party nedeth to know selyngly



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The cause and rite of such a malady

Dot I allate that am off wit bot dulle  
And has no knowlage of such matere  
for to discerne and wyten at the fulle  
The wofull compleynt quiche that yheschal here  
Dot evyn like as doth a scriuener  
That can nemore bot that he schal write  
Ryght as his maister beside hym doth endite

Ryght so fare I that of no sentement  
Can sey ryght nought in conclusioun  
Dot as I herd quhen that I was present  
This man compleys wyth a pitous sonne  
for e wyth like wyth our additioun  
Off disuere othir more or lesse  
for to reherce anon I well me dresse

And if that ony now be in this place  
That feel in loving byrnyng of feruence  
Or bend it war in to his ladys grace  
Wyth fals to wng or wyth pestilence  
To see frew men that ne wit did offence  
In worde nor deid in thare entent  
If ony such be here now in present

Lat hym of reuth lay to audience  
Wyth duleful chere and lobre countenance  
To here this man besid he sentence  
His mortale wo and his perbaunce  
Compleyn now lynyng in a traunce  
Wyth luke wpcast and wyth reuful chere  
Theffecte of quiche was as yhe schall here



The thought oppressit Wyth in Wart likes sore  
 The peynful lyffe the body langwysing  
 The woful goost the hert rent and tore  
 The pitoule chere pale in compleynyn  
 The dedely face like althis in thynnyng  
 The salt teris that from myn eyen fall  
 Playn can declare the ground of my peyn all,

Duhois hert is ground to bleid in hevynelle  
 The thought refette of wo and compleyne  
 The beste is chyl of dyle and deryne  
 The body eke so feble and so feyne  
 Wyth hote and cold myn axes is so meyne  
 That now J chill for default of beet  
 And hoot as gleid now so deynly J sweet

Now hoot as fire and cold as alles dede,  
 Now hoot from cald and cold from hote ayent  
 Now cold as ylle now hote as coles rede  
 For beet J byrune and thus bituix tveyll  
 ypolled am and al for cast in peyn  
 So that my cold pleyenely as J fele,  
 Offgrevaunce cold is cause eWyth dele

This is the caulde of inWart hie distres  
 Colde of dispice and cold of cruelle hate  
 This is the cold that doth his besines  
 Ayenst treuth to fight and to debate  
 This is the cold that wold the fyre a bate  
 Of freW menyng allace the harde quible  
 This is the cold that wold me begile,

For eWit the bett that J treuth ment

Wyth all my myght felchfully to serue  
 Wyth hert & all robe diligent.  
 The les thank allace I can deserue  
 Thus for my treuth danger doth deserue  
 For one that schuld my deeth of mercy lett  
 Hath maid dispite now his suerd to quibett

Ayenes me and his arowdes file  
 To tak vengeance of wilfull cruelte  
 And to vngis fals thow thare sleighely wile.  
 Haue gown addere that wol nat styntid be  
 Of fals endy of vberth and innymyte  
 Haue conspirt ayenes all ry and low  
 Of thare malice thare throv J shalbe slow

And malebousche gon first the tale tell  
 To strland treuth of indignatioun.  
 And fals report so loud rong the bell  
 That mylerabile if and fals suspicioun.  
 Haue treuth J brought to his dampnatioun  
 So that allace wrongfully he dieth  
 And his place now falsheie occupieth

And entred is in to treuchis loud.  
 And hath there of fully posselioun  
 O ry ful god that first the treugh fond  
 How maist you suffre suche oppressioun  
 That falsehode schuld haue iurisdiction  
 In treuthis ry to see hym gildle  
 In his frauchise he may nat lyde in pise

falsely accused and of his soon foringede  
 Wythoute answare quibill he was ablene

He dampned Was and may nat bene excusie  
 fro cruelte latt in iugement  
 Off hastinele Wythout a Wisement  
 And hadde de deuyse be execute anon.  
 His iugement in preience off his fosi

Auctormay may none admittie be  
 To excule treuth now in Ward to speke  
 To seith nor soth the iuge list nought se  
 Theire is no gayn bot he wol be wreke  
 A lorde of treuth to the J call and clepe  
 How may thow se thus in thi preience  
 Withouteu mercy murthir innocence

Now god that art off treuth soueraine  
 And seist how I lig for treuth ibound  
 Sore knett in loues fyre cheyne  
 Euen at the deth onergirt Wyth many o wound  
 That likly bene fiewir for to sound  
 And so: my treuth am dammed to þ deth  
 And not to abide bot draw longere thi breth

Consid and se in thine eternale ryghe  
 How that myn hert professyt sum tyme was  
 For to be trew Wyth al my full mybbe  
 Onely to one the quibiche now allace  
 Off volente Wyth out any trespass  
 Whyn accusoures hath tak vnto grace  
 And cheriseth thayn my deth to purchase.

Qubat meneth this qubat is this vbound vbre  
 Off purveyaunce Jf I schall it call  
 O god of loue that false that so assure

And trew allace down of thi quene be fall  
 And yfite in loth this is the work of all  
 That wrongfully falle hede of treuth hath the name  
 And treuth ayenwart of falsheode berth the blame.

This blynd chamise this storny aventure  
 In loue hath most his experience  
 For quho that doth wyth treuth most his cure  
 Schall for his meid fynd most offence  
 That serueth loue wyth all his diligence  
 For quho can feyne wond lonlyhede  
 Ne f alleth nought to fynd grace and speid

For I louet one ful long lichen gone  
 Wyth al my hert body and ful myght  
 And to bene dede my hert can nought gone  
 From my behest but hold that I haue bight  
 Though I be banyss out of hyr syght  
 And by hyr mouth dampned that I schal dey  
 Wnto my behest yfite I woll obey

For eWir lichen that the world bygan  
 Quho so lust lute and in stoye rede  
 He schall ay fynd that the trew man  
 Was put abak quhere as þe falle hede  
 yfurtherede was for loue tak noll hede  
 To see the trew and hath of chame no charge  
 Quhere as the fals goith frely at his large

It tak recorde off palamydes  
 The trew man the noble wourthy kny  
 That eWir loued and of his peyn no relef  
 Nought wythstonding his manhede and his my



Loue vnto hym dō full grete vnyght  
 for ay the bett he do in chualrye  
 The more he was hendryt be enuy

And e wir the bett he did in ebery place  
 Thro w his knyghede and his bett peyn  
 The ferthir Was he fro his ladis grace  
 for to hir mercy myght he nevir acteyne  
 And to his deeth he couid It nat refreyne  
 for no dangere bot ay o bey and serue  
 As he best couid pleyntly till he sterue

Qubat Was the fyne also of Hercules  
 for all his conquest and his Worthynesse  
 That Was of strength alone percles  
 for like as boles list of hym expelle  
 he lett pilers thro w his hey proddes  
 A way at gaddis for to linyngys  
 That no man myght hym passe in cheualry

The quhicke pilers bene sette be yond Inde  
 ylett of gold for a remembraunce  
 And for all that ybite Was he lett byhynd  
 wyth thame that lone list febilly adauunce  
 for hym lett last apon adaunce  
 Ayenes quhois help may none srybe  
 for all his strength ybite he loste his lyve

Phebus also wyth all his plaunt lyght  
 Duben that he Went here in erd low  
 Wnto the hert wyth Wenus lyght  
 yboundit Was thro w Cupidis olu bolw  
 And ybite his lady list nought hym to know



Thogh he for his loue his hert did blede  
Sche leit hym go and take of hym no heide

Quhat schall I sey of yhong Pyramus  
Off trew trestram for all his hey renodis  
Of Achilles or off Antonyus  
Of arcite or of hym palamouss  
Quhat was the end off here passious  
Dot after lord deth and than thare grave  
Lo here the guerdoun that this loueris haue

Dot fals Jasoun With his doubilnesse  
That was vntrew to hokes to medee  
And thecius rute of vntyndonesse  
And wyth thes tWo eke the fals enee  
Lo thus the fals ay in o degre  
Hadde in loue there lust and al there will  
And saue falsehede thare was none of hir skill,

Off thebes eke the fals arcite,  
And demephouss eke for his sleuth  
Thei hadde thare lust and al that myght delys  
for al thare falsehede and grete vntreuth,  
Thus eWir loue allace in that is reuth  
His fals legis furtherith quhat he may  
And sleith the trew vngudely day by day

for trew adone was sleiss With the bore  
Amyd the forest in the grene shade  
for venus loue he felt al plore  
Dot vlcannus wyth hir no mercy mayde  
The soule chulle had many nyghtes glade  
Quhere mars hit lymf and hyr man

To fynd mercy nor confort none he can

Allo the yhong frech ypomenes  
 A lussy fre as off his corage  
 That for to serue Wyth all his bert he cheise  
 Achalamite to feire of byr dislage  
 Dot loue allace quyt hym to his Wage  
 Wyth cruel danger pleynty at the last  
 yat Wyth the deth guerdounlese he pass

To here the fyne off louses seruice  
 To how he can his seruand quyte,  
 To how he can his feichfull men dispise  
 To see the trew and fals to respice  
 To how he doith the swerde of sorow bite  
 In bertis luche as moste his lustis obey  
 To saue the fals and do the trew dey

for feich ne oth Worde nor assurance  
 Trew menyng a waite nor belmele  
 Still port ne faithfull attendaunce  
 Manbede no my in armes Worthmele  
 Pursoyte off Woischip nor no bie prouelle  
 In stronge long rydyng nor trauale  
 ful lyte or nought in loue doth a vale

Perele no: deth in see nor a lond  
 Hunger nor chris sorow nor setnese  
 Ne grete emprise for to tak on hond  
 Sheddng of blude no manfull hardynesse,  
 Nor off Wounding at sawtes by distrele  
 Nor in partyng in lyffe nor deth allo  
 All is for nought loue taketh no heid thereto

Not losingeris With thare flatterye  
 Thow thare fallehode and With thare doublnesse,  
 Wyth tales new and many seneit lie  
 By false semblaunce and count fetid humblese  
 Wnder coloure depeynt Wyth stedfastnesse  
 Wyth fraude colbert Wnder a pitoule face  
 Excep be now rather vnto grace

And gan thame self best magnifye  
 Wyth seneit port and presumption  
 They change there cause in fals lacydery,  
 Ondir menyng of double entencion,  
 To thynk on in thare opproun  
 And sey they ought to sett hem selue aloft,  
 And bender treuth as It is sene ful oft

The quibiche thyng I by now al to bere  
 Thounld be vernis and bir god Cupide  
 As It is sene by my opprellit chere  
 And by his arrowes that stiken in my syde  
 That lane deeth I no thyng abyde  
 From day to day alloce the hard quibiche  
 Duben wir his dart that hym list to file

My wo full bert for to ryde a lwo  
 For faute of mercy and lak of pite  
 Of hyr that causeth all my peyne and wo  
 And list nat ones of grace for to le  
 Wnto my treuth for hyr cruelte  
 And moost of all ybste I me compleyne,  
 That sche hath Joy to lauche at my peyne

And wilfully hath my deeth J snort

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Al gylteles and woot no cause quhy  
 Saue for the treuth that I haue hadde afoine  
 To hyr allone to serue moste feithfully  
 A god aboue vnto the I cry  
 And to thy blynd doubten deite  
 Of this grete Wroung I compleyne me

And to thy stormy Wylfull variance  
 Hengit With change and gete vnstabilnesse  
 Now Wp now doun so rymnyng in thy chaunce  
 That the to trist may be no likenesse  
 I Wyte It no thing dot thy doubilnesse  
 And quho that is one archere and is blynd  
 Herbeth no thing dot shutech be the Weynd

And for that he hath no discretione  
 Withouthyn a Wile belattich his arow go  
 For lakke of syght and also of resoun  
 In his schutyng it hapeth oft so  
 To hurt his frende rather than his foo  
 So doth this god With his scharp stone  
 The trew sleith and letteth the false gone

And of his Wounding this is the worst of all  
 When he hurteth he doth so cruell Wreche  
 And maketh the like for to cry and call  
 Wnto hys foo for to bene his leche  
 And hard it is for a man to seche  
 Wpon the poynt of dech in iupardye  
 Wnto his foo to fynd reinedye

Thus fareth now euynly by me  
 That to my foo that yaued my hert o Wound



Good are mercy grace and pite  
And nomely there quere none may be found  
for now my soze my leche woll confound  
And god of kynde so hath lett myn de  
My lyues foo to haue my wo in cure

Allace the quible now that I was borne  
O: that I laughe euer the bryght sonne  
for now I se that ful long afoone  
I was borne my destinee was spunne  
By percas yscren to see me if they koune  
for they my deeth shapen er my thert  
Only for treuth I may it nat alere

The myghty goddes alko of nature  
That vndre god hath the gouernaunce  
Of wordly thynges committit to hir cure  
Dispolety hath throW their wyle purueyaunce  
To yf my lady so muche suffisaunce  
Of al vertous and there with all purueyde  
To murthir treuth hath tak danger to gide

for bounte beaute schap and semebly bede  
Prudence Wit and passingly searene  
Denyng port gladdoe chere with louty bede  
Of womanbede right plentoule largele  
Nature did ful in hy: emprele  
Duhan sche by: Wrought and al thir last dyledeyne  
To hendre treuth sche maid her chamberleyne

Duham to mysche yf and fales suspetioun  
With myle bileue sche maid for to be  
Cheit of counsell or his conclusion



for to exile reuth and eke pite  
 Out of hyr court to mak mercy fle  
 So that dispite holdeth furth his reyne  
 Thro' wasty bileve of tales that men feyne

And thus I am for my treuth allace  
 Murtherit and sleyne wyth wordis scharp and hene  
 Gylthes god woot of all trepale  
 And lig and blede vpon this cold grene  
 Now mercy suefe mercy my lybis quene  
 And to your grace of mercy pite I prey  
 In yhour seruice that youre man may dey

Not if so be that I schall dey algate  
 And that I schal none by mercy haue  
 And of my deyth lat this be the date  
 That be yhour wil I was brought to my grane,  
 Et hastily if that ye list me laue  
 My scharp woundis that ake also and blede  
 Of mercy charme and als of woman hede

for of hir charme pleynty Is there none  
 Not only mercy in to this case  
 for though my wound blede wir in one  
 My life my deyth stant all in yhour grace  
 And thoght my gilt be no thing allace  
 I ask mercy in al my best entent  
 And redde to dee if that yhe assent

for there ayenes schall I ne wir stryde  
 In word no werk pleynty I ne may  
 for lyuar I haue than to be a lyde  
 To dee soch ly and it be hyr to pay

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yha though it be this like samy day.  
O: quhen that eWir hyr lust so devise  
Suffilich me to de in hir seruice

And god that knowest þ thought of eWir Wight  
Wyght as it is in eWir thing thou maist se  
yter I dey Wyth all my full myght  
Iouly I prey to grant unto me  
That ye gudely fair freche & fre  
Dubiche sleich me only for default of reuth  
O: than I dey ye may know be my treuth

for that in sooth suffileth Wnto me  
And sche it know in eWir circumstance  
And efter I am wele apayed that sche  
If that hyr list of deth to do grevance  
To me that am vnder hir legeance  
yhte schal I nat hyr dome discobey  
Dubere so hyr lest to do me lyde o: dey

Wyth out yn gruchnig o: rebellious  
In Will o: Worde holy I assent  
O: ony maner of contradictionne  
fully to be at hyr comaundment  
And If I dee in my testament  
Wyth bett I send and spirit also  
Qu hat eWir sche lust Wyth pain for to do

And aldri last to hyr Womā hede  
And to here mercy I me recomaund  
That lig now here betwix hope and drec  
Abiding plentyly quhat sche list comaund  
for vterly this nys no demaund

Welcom to me quhil me me lestich breth  
 Ryth at hy: chole quibethir Je be life or: deth

In this matere more quhat myght I leyne  
 Sich in hir hond and in hir Will is all,  
 Deth life or: deth my ioy or: all my peyne  
 And fynaly my beste hold I schall  
 Till my spirit be destyne far all  
 Quhen that hy: lest fro my body Wend  
 Hauē here my treuth and thus I mak ane end

And Wyth that Wourd he kan like as sore  
 Lyke as his hert Wold ryde atueyne  
 And held his pece and spak o Word nymore  
 Dor for: to se his Wo and mortale peyne  
 The teeris gan from myn eene reyll  
 ful pitously for: verray in Wart reuth  
 That I hym langh so laugussing for: treuth

And al this quhile my self I kept close  
 Among the leues and my self gan hyde  
 Till at the last the Woful man arole  
 And to luge Went there beside  
 Quhere al the may his custom Was to habide,  
 Sole to complene of his peynes bene  
 from yere to yere Wnd the leues grene

And for: the canse that it dreW to þ ny  
 And that the sone his arh diurnale  
 ypassyt Was so that his plaime ly  
 his byr bemes and his streimes all  
 War in þ Wades of the Watter fall  
 Wnder the bordour of oure occiane

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his chare of gold his courle so Wofully rane

And quhill the Wylyght and þe redde  
Of phobus ly Werre deaurat alite  
I toke a penne and gan me fast spee  
The Woful pleynt of this man to write  
Word be Word as he did endyte  
Lyke as I herd and hound hym to report  
I haue here lett yhour hertis in disport

Oyfought be mys ley the Wite on me  
for I am Worthy for to bere the blame  
If anny thing mys report it be  
To mak this dyte for to seme lame  
Throug my vnkonnynge bot for to seme the same  
Lyke as this man his compleynt dit exprese  
I ax mercy and for gefnese

And as I Wrote me thought I soW a ferre  
In to the Well luste ly appere,  
Elperus the goodely byght sterre  
So gladdo so ferre so plaunt the of chere  
I mene venus Wyth hyr bernes clere  
That hevy hertis only to relete  
Is Wount of custon for to schew at eue

And I als fast fell dowlon on my knee  
And ebyn to hy: thus I than prey  
O lady venus so ferre vpon the see  
Lat not this man for his treuth dey  
for that Joy thou haddest quha thowley  
Wyth Mars thy kny quha that vicanus fond  
And Wyth a cheyn vnyssible you bond



Togider both tneyne in the same quibie  
 That all the court aboue celestiale  
 At yhoure schame gan lauch and smyle  
 A feire lady Wele Willy fond at all  
 Comfourt to carefull o goddes immortal  
 Be helping now and do thy diligence  
 To let the streames of ynie influence

Descend doWn in furtheryng of thy chere  
 Nymely of thaim that be in sorow bond  
 Shew now thy myght and of there wo haue reue  
 O: fals dangeres be hym and confound  
 And specially lat thi myght be found  
 For to succure what so thou may  
 The treW man that in the herbere lay

And al treW men thou furthy: for his sake  
 O goodly sterre o lady venus myn  
 And cause his lady hym to grace take  
 Hy: bert of seile to mercy so inclyne  
 O: that the beines go vp to declyne  
 And o: that thou go now fro wds adorne  
 For that loue thou haddest to adone

And quhen that sche was gone to hy: rest  
 I rose anone and home to bed went  
 For verely me thoght it for the best  
 Prying thus in al my best entent  
 That al treW that bene with danger schent  
 With mercy may in releche of there payne  
 Recover it be or may cum eft ayene

And so: that J may no longer wake

fare Wele yhe loneris all that bene trew  
 Preynig to god and thus my leif I tak  
 That or the son to morow be risen new,  
 And or he haue ayne his role be w  
 That eche of yhou may haue suiche a grace,  
 His oldin lady in armes to embrace

I mene thus in all honeste  
 Wyth out more yhe may to god speke  
 What to yhou list at good liberte  
 That ich may tpe vther there bert breke,  
 On Jalously ou ly fo: to bilwreke  
 That hath so long of his malice and enby  
 Werreid treuth wyth his tyrany,

Princes plecth to youre benigne  
 This litil dyte ho haue in mynde  
 Of Woman hede also fo: to se  
 youre trew man may sum mercy fynd  
 And pite che that hath long be by bynd  
 Lat thaim a yen be provoked to grace,  
 fo: by my treuth it is ayenes kynde  
 fals danger to occupy his place

Go litil quare go to my lydis quene  
 And to my verrey bertis souueraine  
 And be ryght gladdo fo: sche schal the sene  
 Suiche is thi grace bot I allace in peyne  
 Am left behynd and notte to quhom to pleysh  
 fo: mercy reuth grace and che pite  
 Erld bene that I may nought adryne  
 Reco Wir to fynde of myn aduerlite,

**Q** When be dyvyne deliberation  
 Of plons thre in a god hede yfere,  
 The grete message/and hre legacion  
 Was send vnto that blyssit lady dere  
 Be gabriel scho being in hir prayere  
 Asking of god as prophety dois exprime  
 To send the son that shuld the Warld redeme

The angel to the virgyne Js remouit  
 And to mary he said, on this manere  
 Hayle full of grace best and best belouit  
 God is Wyth the/ thou art till hym most dere  
 Maist precious, and principall but pere  
 Thou suete Wyne tre & Well of sanitee  
 God Will of the tak his humanitee

The virgyne Wondit of that hpe message  
 And Was abaisit in hir humyl spiete  
 Wnto the angel ha ving this langa ge  
 Wyth sobir mynde/and Wordis Wonder suete  
 As scho that Was full of grace & replete  
 How may this be/ J shuld consaue a childer,  
 J knaw no man/my maidynhede is vnsylde

Be nought pturbit in thyne aduertence  
 Thy benygne ere vnto my voce inclyne  
 The fadis po Wete the sonis sapience  
 The vertu of the haly gaste dyvyne  
 Within thy Wame sall obunbir & schyne  
 Thou sall consaue bath clene in dede & thought  
 Hym that the maid/and all this Warld of nought,

All creaturis on kneis fall ye douu

Consent virgyne vnto this hye messlage  
Quhare by tolo was the redemption  
Of Abraham and all his hale lynage  
Thy word may now infernale folk discharge  
The fadis eke that dirtnes doith in hance  
Wyth wofull Adam weping in penance.

This gloriouse lady quhom to we othyme call  
As god so wald his prophecy fullfill  
Remembryng eke the wel fare of vs all.  
To here scho said goodis humyl ancill  
Be it to me eke thy word and will  
And be scho had hir wordis thus exprymyt  
Constant was he that all the world redeinyt

Thou Boyles bulke remanyng incombust.  
Quhilk was fare signe of thy virginitee  
Restreine vs fra all fra wart fleschly lust  
Nothyng to toy. bot in thy lone & che  
And geve vs grace that houre quhen we sall dee  
Be thy meke mene that place in bevin to Wyn  
That ordanye was for Abraham & his lyn

Explicit

Heir endis the maying and disport of chaucer Impre  
tit in the south gate of Edinburgh be Walter chepman  
and Androw myllar the fourth day of apyle the yhere  
of god .M. CCCC. and viii. yheris.





